SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of The Circular Staircase, The Man in Lower Ten, Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends. Jimmy was rotund and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so, his art is considered a huge joke, except to himself, if he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy marries Bella Knowles; they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy's friends arrange to celebrate the first anniversary of his divorce. The party is in full swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selina, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. Jimmy gets his funds from Aunt Selina and after he marries she doubles his allowance. He neglects to tell her of his divorce. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence, he tries to devise some way so that his aunt will not learn that he has no longer a wife. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, he Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Aunt Selina arrives and the deception works out as planned. Jim's Jap servant is taken ill. Bella, Jimmy's divorced wife, enters the house and asks Kit who is being taken away in the ambulance? Bella insists it is Jim. Kit tells her Jim is well and is in the house. Bella tells Kit it wasn't Jim she wanted to see, but Takahira, the Jap servant. Harbison steps out on the porch and discovers a man tacking a card on the door. He demands an explanation. The man points to the placard and Harbison sees the word "Smallpox" printed on it. The guests suddenly realize their predicament, the women shed tears, the men consider it a good joke. Harbison pleads with Kit to tell him the real situation of things. She finally tells him of Bella's incarceration in the basement. The all important question arises as to who is to prepare the meals and perform the other household duties. Harbison finally solves the matter. He writes out slips containing the various departments of his or her duties. Kit attempts to make an omelet for Aunt Selina, but fails in the attempt and is in a very nervous state when Harbison comes to her rescue and tells her how to make it. After the lifting of the quarantine several letters are found in the mail box undelivered, one is addressed to Henry Llewellyn, Iquique, Chile, which was written by Harbison. He describes minutely of their incarceration, also of his infatuation for Mrs. Wilson. Harbison attempts to patch up one quarrel after another between Kit and Jimmy. Aunt Selina is taken ill with la grippe. Betty acts as nurse.

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

Betty had been making tea for Aunt Selina, and of course when she heard us up there, she followed, tray and all, and we drank Aunt Selina's tea and had the first really nice time of the day. Bella had come up, too, but she was still standoffish and queer, and she stood leaning against a chimney and staring out over the river. After a little Mr. Harbison put down his cup and went over to her, and they talked quite confidentially for a long time. I thought it bad taste in Bella, under the circumstances, after snubbing Dallas and Max, and of course treating Jim like the dirt under her feet, to turn right around and be lovely to Mr. Harbison. It was hard for Jim.

Max came and sat beside me, and Flannigan, who had been sent down for more cups, passed tea, putting the tray on top of the chimney. Jim was sitting grumpily on the roof, with his feet folded under him, playing Canfield in the shadow of the parapet, buying the deck out of one pocket and putting his winnings in the other. He was watching Bella, too, and she knew it, and she strained a point to captivate Mr. Harbison. Any one could see that.

And that was the picture that came out in the next morning's papers, teacups, cards and all. For when some one looked up, there were four newspaper photographers on the roof of the next house, and they had the impertinence to thank us!

Flannigan had seen Bella by that time, but as he still didn't understand the situation, things were just the same. But his manner to me puzzled me; whenever he came near me he winked prodigiously, and during all the search he kept one eye on me, and seemed to be amused about something.

When the rest had gone down to dress for dinner, which was being sent in, thank goodness, I still sat on the parapet and watched the darkening river. I felt terribly lonely, all at once, and sad. There wasn't any one any nearer than father, in the West, or mother in Bermuda, who really cared a rap whether I sat on that parapet all night or not, or who would be sorry if I leaped to the dirty bricks of the next door-yard—not that I meant to, of course.

The lights came out across the river, and made purple and yellow streaks on the water, and one of the motor-boats came panting back to the yacht club, coughing and gasping as if it had overdone. Down on the street automobiles were starting and stopping, cabs rolling, doors slamming, all the maddening, delightful bustle of people who are foot-free to dine out, to dance, to go to the theater, to do any of the thousand possibilities of a long February evening. And above them I sat on the roof and cried. Yes, cried.

I was roused by some one coughing just behind me, and I tried to straighten my face before I turned. It was Flannigan, his double row of brass buttons gleaming in the twilight.

"Excuse me, miss," he said affably, "but the boy from the hotel has left the dinner on the doorstep and run, the cowardly little divil! What'll I do with it? I went to Mrs. Wilson, but she says it's no concern of hers." Flannigan was evidently bewildered.

"You'd better keep it warm, Flannigan," I replied. "You needn't wait; I'm coming." But he did not go.

"If—if you'll excuse me, miss," he said, "don't you think ye'd better tell them?"

"Tell them what?"

"The whole thing—the joke," he said confidentially, coming closer. "It's been great sport, now, hasn't it? But I'm afraid they will get on to it soon, and—some of them might not be agreeable. A pearl necklace is a pearl necklace, miss, and the lady's wild."

"What do you mean?" I gasped. "You don't think—why, Flannigan—"

He merely grinned at me and thrust his hand down in his pocket. When he brought it up he had Bella's bracelet on his palm, glittering in the faint light.

"Where did you get it?" Between relief and the absurdity of the thing, I was almost hysterical. But Flannigan did not give me the bracelet; instead, it struck me his tone was suddenly severe.

"Now look here, miss," he said; "you've played your trick, and you've had your fun. The Lord knows it's only folks like you would play April fool jokes with a fortune! If you're the sinsible little woman you look to be, you'll put that pearl collar on the coal in the basement tonight, and let me find it."

"I haven't got the pearl collar," I protested. "I think you are crazy. Where did you get that bracelet?"

He edged away from me, as if he expected me to snatch it from him and run, but he was still trying in an elephantine way to treat the matter as a joke.

"I found it in a drawer in the pantry," he said, "among the dirty linen. And if you're as smart as I think you are, I'll find the pearl collar there in the morning—and nothing said, miss."

So there I was, suspected of being responsible for Anne's pearl collar, as if I had not enough to worry me before. Of course I could have called them all together and told them, and

Say That We Are a Lot of Barbarians.

made them explain to Flannigan what I had really meant by my delirious speech in the kitchen. But that would have meant telling the whole ridiculous story to Mr. Harbison, and having him think us all mad, and me a fool.

In all that overcrowded house there was only one place where I could be miserable with comfort. So I stayed on the roof, and cried a little and then became angry and walked up and down, and clenched my hands and babbled helplessly. The boats on the river were yellow, horizontal streaks through my tears, and an early searchlight sent its shaft like a tangible thing in the darkness, just over my head. Then, finally, I curled down in a corner with my arms on the parapet, and the lights became more and more prismatic and finally formed themselves into a circle that was Bella's bracelet, and that kept whirling around and around on something flat and not over-clean, that was Flannigan's palm.

CHAPTER X.

On the Stairs.

I was roused by some one walking across the roof, the cracking of tin under feet, and a comfortable and companionable odor of tobacco. I moved a very little, and then I saw that it was a man—the height and erectness told me which man. And just at that instant he saw me.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, and throwing his cigar away he came across quickly. "Why, Mrs. Wilson, what in the world are you doing here? I thought—they said—"

"That I was sulking again?" I finished disagreeably. "Perhaps I am. In fact, I'm quite sure of it."

"You are not," he said severely. "You have been asleep in a February night, in the open air, with less clothing on than I wear in the tropics."

I had got up by this time, refusing his help, and because my feet were numb, I sat down on the parapet for a moment. Oh, I knew what I looked like—one of those "Valley-of-the-Nile-After-a-Flood" pictures.

"There is one thing about you that is comforting," I sniffed. "You said precisely the same thing to me at three o'clock this morning. You never startle me by saying anything unexpected."

He took a step toward me, and even in the dusk I could see that he was looking down at me oddly. All my bravado faded away and there was a queerish ringing in my ears.

"I would like to!" he said tensely. "I would like, this minute—I'm a fool, Mrs. Wilson," he finished miserably. "I ought to be drawn and quartered, but when I see you like this I—I get crazy. If you say the word, I'll—I'll go down and—" He clenched his fist.

It was reprehensible, of course; he saw that in an instant, for he shut his teeth over something that sounded very fierce, and strode away from me, to stand looking out over the river, with his hands thrust in his pockets. Of course the thing I should have done was to ignore what he had said altogether, but he was so uncomfortable, so chastened, that, feline, feminine, whatever the instinct is, I could not let him go. I had been so wretched myself.

"What is it you would like to say?" I called over to him. He did not speak. "Would you tell me that I am a silly child for pouting?" No reply; he struck a match. "Or would you preach a nice little sermon about people—about women—loving their husbands?"

He grunted savagely under his breath.

"Be quite honest," I pursued relentlessly. "Say that because my—because Jimmy treats me outrageously—oh, he does; any one can see that—and because I loathe him—and any one can tell that—why don't you say you are shocked to the depths?" I was a little shocked myself by that time, but I couldn't stop, having started.

He came over to me, white-faced and towering, and he had the audacity to grip my arm and stand me on my feet, like a bad child—which I was, I dare say.

"Don't!" he said in a husky, very pained voice. "You are only talking: You don't mean it. It isn't you. You know you care, or else why are you crying up here? And don't do it again, don't do it again—or I will—"

"You will—what?"

"Make a fool of myself, as I have now," he finished grimly. And then he stalked away and left me there alone, completely bewildered, to find my way down in the dark.

I groped along, holding to the rail, for the staircase to the roof was very steep, and I went slowly. Half-way down the stairs there was a tiny landing, and I stopped. I could have sworn I heard Mr. Harbison's footsteps far below, growing fainter. I even smiled a little, there in the dark, although I had been rather profoundly shaken. The next instant I knew I had been wrong; some one was on the landing with me. I could hear short, sharp breathing, and then—

I am not sure that I struggled; in fact, I don't believe I did—I was too limp with amasement. The creature, to have lain in wait for me like that! And he was brutally strong: He caught me to him fiercely, and held me there close, and he kissed me—not once or twice, but half a dozen times, long kisses that filled me with hot shame for him, for myself, that I had—liked him. The roughness of his coat bruised my cheek: I loathed him. And then some one came whistling along the hall below, and he pushed me from him and stood listening, breathing in long, gasping breaths.

I ran: When my shaky knees would hold me, I ran. I wanted to hide my hot face, my disgust, my disillusion: I wanted to put my head in mother's lap and cry; I wanted to die, or be ill, so I need never see him again. Perversely enough, I did none of those things. With my face still flaming, with burning eyes and hands that shook, I made a belated evening toilet and went slowly, haughtily, down the stairs. My hands were like ice, but I was consumed with rage. Oh, I would show him—that this was New York, not Iquique; that the roof was not his Andean tableland.

Every one elaborately ignored my absence from dinner. The Dallas Browns, Max and Lollie were at bridge; Jim was alone in the den, walking the floor and biting at an unlighted cigar; Betty had returned to Aunt Selina and was hysterical, they said, and Flannigan was in deep dejection because I had missed my dinner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Still Wondering.

The deaf man got out of the tram car on to the other line of rails.

"Look out, there's a car coming!" cried the conductor.

"What?" said the deaf man.

"There's a car coming."

"What?"

Just then the car caught and knocked down the deaf man and, as he picked himself up, he said:

"I wonder what that fool kept me there talking about."—Scraps.

At Bacon Ridge.

Clerk—Four or five of those racing balloons are supposed to pass over here today.

Storekeeper Jason—Yes, that's why I am leaving those barrels of sugar out in the yard uncovered, by heck! If customers find any sand in them we can blame it on the balloons throwing out ballast. I ain't been in the business twenty years not to have my eyes peeled to an opportunity.

Will She Ask Him Again?

She (for the fortieth time)—Will you love me when I'm old, George?

He (goaded to extreme measures)—Do you expect to be as fat as your mother?

She (frightened)—How can I tell?

He (fiercely)—Then see that you don't!

Bangs hat on head and exits, slamming the door.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Plans for Fortifications at Panama

WASHINGTON.—Work on the final detailed plans for the fortification of the Panama canal, for which an appropriation of $3,000,000 was made by congress and which had been the subject of wide discussion, national and international, ever since the digging of the big ditch was undertaken by the United States government, has been begun here by Brig. Gen. W. H. Bixby, chief of engineers, and Brig. Gen. Arthur Murray, chief of the coast artillery. Officials of the war department have already completed general plans for the fortifications, but maps will have to be prepared setting forth the details for the construction work before the ground can be broken, and it is this task which Generals Bixby and Murray are now undertaking. Active work on the building of the fortifications will begin about July. It is expected by the officials in charge that the fortifying of the waterway will be completed by January, 1915—the date set for the completion of the canal itself.

Brigadier General Crozier, chief of ordnance, has already drawn up plans for the manufacture of the $1,000,000 worth of guns and mortars required. These will be made at the government shops at Watervliet, N. Y. The entire armament will be used in fortifying the two ends of the canal, no provision having been made by congress for the defense of the locks and dams. Two sets of fortifications will be placed at the Colon end of the canal and one set at the Panama end. Four 14-inch rifles, eight 12-inch mortars and six six-inch guns will be placed at the Panama side and the remainder which the balance of the appropriation will provide at the Colon end.

Comparatively strong natural positions exist at both the Atlantic and Pacific ends of the waterway for defense against a land enemy. Limon bay, the Colon entrance to the canal, will be strongly fortified and fortifications will be set up on Perico island and at other points.

Plans for the protection of the docks at Pedro Miguel, Mia Flores and Gatun are now being drawn up.

Not a Penny for Pressing Trousers

MILLIONS for art and not one penny for pants!

The solicitude that Uncle Sam displays that the public buildings and driveways of the national capital shall be maintained in the most artistic and approved style does not extend to his public men. Uncle Sam is perpectly willing to spend loads of money for capital city plans, for guaranteeing that the Washington of the future shall be patterned after the most careful and exact designs, but when it comes to paying out money to make certain that the trousers of the government officials are creased properly and their clothes in as apple-pie order as the capital's streets, he draws a distinct and impassable line.

This might never have been found out if it had not been for Daniel H. Burnham, of Chicago, master city planner and chairman of the fine arts commission. Incidentally he raised a question as to what are legitimate traveling expenses and what are not.

Not so very long ago Chairman Burnham left Chicago for Washington, to attend a meeting of the fine arts commission. Anxious, as its chief, to uphold the aesthetic and refined nature of this organization, he found on unpacking his wardrobe that many of his articles of clothing were in imperative need of a presser before they would be in shape to do credit to the vista of Pennsylvania avenue.

Without giving the matter a second thought, he turned the tailor's bill, with his railway ticket and Pullman expense, over to the treasury department, expecting to be reimbursed. The bill amounted to $4.75 and the auditor certified it, as a matter of course.

Not so, however, Controller Robert J. Tracewell—significant name—who can, on occasion, be considerable of a watch dog of the treasury. Mr. Tracewell scrutinized the bill, repeated the performance, and then, after some deep thought, wrote out a formal opinion as follows:

"The pressing of clothes has never, to my knowledge, been held to be a personal expense, occasioned solely by travel."

Attempts at Suicide Ignored in Army

THE fact that although attempted suicide is technically a crime in certain states in the United States, and civilians who violate the law are usually punished by the courts, officers and enlisted men in the United States army and navy are never court martialed for this offense, was brought to light when the news was received from Germany that Emperor William had pardoned an army officer for attempting suicide and declared that his deed "can be judged neither by regular or honor tribunals."

Gen. George B. Davis, judge advocate general of the United States army, declared that since the organization of the army and navy of the United States no officer or enlisted man had been punished for trying to kill himself. It is a generally understood custom in both branches of the service, said General Davis, that this offense is not punishable by court martial, although a test case never has been brought up.

General Davis declared that attempted suicide is technically considered a crime in the army and navy.

"It is a fact that, although many men and officers of the army and navy have attempted suicide, not one of them has even been court martialed," he continued. "Just why this should be I do not know.

"In both the army and the navy attempted suicide is considered a crime, but has never been officially recognized as such. Both branches of the service frown on the practice, however.

"The case in Germany, where Emperor William pardoned Count Hans von Preill after he had been convicted by a court of honor for this offense, cannot be compared to similar cases in this country, because suicide is looked upon differently there. In Germany an army man who commits certain offenses is almost expected to commit suicide, and therefore they would naturally be more lenient there. In the United States a man who tries to kill himself is looked down upon."

Judge Denounces Sunday Entertainers

MR. JUSTICE HARLAN, associate justice of the Supreme court of the United States, rather startled society women of Washington and New York the other night when at the annual banquet of the Presbyterian alliance of Washington he declared that "there are a lot of snobs who have come down here from New York and other cities where wealth is paramount and have set up customs which are injurious to the people of this community. Sunday afternoon teas, musicales and other social functions are, in my mind, a desecration of the Sabbath. Something must be done to stem the tide of depravity which will otherwise sweep over us."

Then this sweeping rebuke to society in Washington is in a measure firmly upheld by Mrs. Mathew T. Scott, president general of the daughters of the American Revolution and herself one of the cliff dwellers' set. And be it known the cliff dwellers are not the official set at all, but the old resident set of Washington. Until you have been admitted to that particular circle you are not really "in society." Mrs. Scott says:

"I think it is an outrage that so many of the leaders of society here should desecrate Sunday by giving large teas, dinners, musicales and other entertainments. The custom was brought here from the continent and has been growing ever since. If allowed to continue it will undermine the life of this country and bring ruin on us. I think that Sunday should be observed above all else, and that this continental habit should be stopped. I agree perfectly with Justice Harlan in all he said."

The custom of dinner giving, musicale entertaining and all that kind of thing on Sundays was really introduced in Washington by the Baroness Hengelmuller, wife of the ambassador of Austro-Hungary. It will be remembered that Baroness Hengelmuller only a few weeks ago gave out a screed against the "slowness" of Washington society and the lack of sprightliness and spirit in the matter of entertaining here, which got her into no end of trouble and sent her to bed with a serious nervous illness.

IRRIGATION OLD AS HILLS

Nature of Crops so Varied That Amount of Moisture Needed Must Be First Ascertained.

(By R. L. PARSHALL, Colorado Agricultural College.)

Irrigation is as old as the hills, and is artificially supplying moisture to the soil for the growth of plants. In all these years the science of irrigation has not been made exact. Nature is so varied that irrigation must be made to meet the existing conditions.

Soil is composed of minute particles, irregular in appearance, and, when collected into a mass, there is a certain part of this that is space, and in this space water may be stored. It is this water so held in the soil that is useful to the growth of plants. A certain crop must have a certain amount of moisture for its needs; too much may be detrimental; not enough may cause the loss of the crop, but fortunately the limits are wide. The particular question always arises: What is the required amount of water for a maximum yield?

We first find that soils differ in their make-up; different subsoils; the slope of the ground varies in different localities, and general climatic conditions may be different. All these considered, it may be said that what would be the proper amount to supply in one case may be too much or not enough in other cases. Efficient irrigation consists in supplying the requisite amount of moisture to the soil, and this may be accomplished by adding water to the ground, or regulating the drainage. It has been said that good plant growth will result if we have one pound of free moisture in the soil to about ten pounds of soil. This, of course, is general, and depends upon the kind of soil and the kind of crop.

You might make a test and determine for yourself the right amount for your farm and particular crop. First, select a place in your field where the plant growth seems to be best. Take from the roots of the plants a sample of the soil, which should be an average from the top root to the lower roots. Place this sample immediately into sealed jars of known weight. Weigh the jars and contents and the increase will be the true weight of soil and moisture. Put the soil in a pan and place in an oven of moderate temperature for several hours. When cooled to the temperature of the room, weigh again. The difference between the weights of the damp soil and the dry soil will give the weight of free water, or moisture that is available for the growth tof plants.

Clearing New Ground.

Plowing with grubbing and pulling out the larger stools is the only method fully indorsed by most practical farmers in the infested regions. The general method is to go into the field with a strong team, heavy plow and two or three men. All except the largest plants can be turned out with the plow. The largest must be grubbed out or pulled with horse and chain. After picking up the plants that are thoroughly loosened the piece is gone over with a spring tooth harrow to loosen up and drag out the rest. The plants are piled, and in 48 hours, if the weather is dry, all except the largest roots will burn. Three men with a strong team will clear up from one-fourth to three-fourths of an acre a day.

Feeding Cows.

I always feed after milking and feed grain or cut the feed or silage, says a writer in an exchange. Cows stand better to milk and pay whole attention to milking and give down much better, knowing that they get feed when through.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

A draft horse is always in demand.

Feed all animals a balanced ration.

A good brood sow should be well kept.

Do not feed the horses all the hay they will eat.

Ample feed should be always kept before the sheep.

Turnips, carrots and sugar beets make fine feed for sheep.

See that the live stock have careful attention and plenty of feed.

Keep the sheep pens clean. Dirt and foul odors affect sheep quickly.

Do not allow the brood mare to stand in the barn without any exercise.

Water is cheap, but it is a necessity for sustaining the life of the stock.

While the work horses are not doing heavy work, their feed should not be very heavy.

Do not neglect to give the sows a chance to eat some clover hay or cornstalks each day.

Feed that will keep the bowels open is the best for this time of the year. Wheat bran helps to do it.

Pure bred colts will sell for more at one or two years of age than will grade horses when fully mature.

Keeping animals on the farm that do not pay profits is a poor way to succeed in accumulating property.

Perhaps no other kind of animals on the farm are so likely to be neglected in regard to exercise as brood sows.

Oats are considered by many horsemen to be most valuable. They are, however, very expensive, and many other feeds have taken their place.

Be sure that the pigs are not lousy. Kerosene oil rubbed on a hog's back is good for lice. But look out and not have it too strong, and do not rub too hard, or you may make a blister.